Anthology Land of the Gods

Imagine a world ruled by Vampires. Welcome to the City of Mora.

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Here are some more of my stories related to the Land of the Gods. Hope you enjoy them!

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Impact Crater

The serious faced female news anchor finished her show with a science story.

"And finally," she smiled.

"Over Phoenix Arizona calls came into MUFON about a bright light which filled the night sky for several minutes.

Don't worry this is not some UFO but a comet.

The impact crater has been found in the desert near Los Angeles but there are no reports of any injuries.

NASA scientists are very interested in this object as it might give us clues to the origins of the Universe based on the unusual colour during burn up in the atmosphere.

Scientists are on their way to it as we speak.

And that's your news tonight.

Goodnight!

Over to the weather."

The Crystal Core

Nasa scientist Farouk Aydan entered the Crystal core of the asteroid with his team.

Aya and Hendrik followed.

They carried lights on cables and the entire crash site had been sealed.

At the core of the asteroid they had found a metallic core which was almost two stories high.

Symbols with meaning they did not understand were embedded in some of the Crystals and they took some samples back to their labs in Santa Monica.

"I've never seen anything like this," said Farouk as they sealed the samples.

"Some of the crystals are a few degrees above absolute zero," reported Aya as she took readings, "others are room temperature".

Hendrik tried to carry his samples and gasped. "They're heavy," he complained and needed the help of another colleague to carry out the small samples.

"We have twenty four hours to figure out what they are," reported Farouk. "Then the military get them."

The Light Fantastic

Farrouk stood alone in the laboratory when the incident happened.

A laser was fired into the crystal and it shattered unexpectedly.

Small fragments of the object shattered his suit and he was rushed into intensive care.

Aya and Hendrik stayed in the hospital late into the night.

In the early hours of the morning, his wife Jess sobbed when the doctor delivered the news that he had died.

"We transfused him several times but his injuries were too severe," said the doctor. "I am sorry for your loss."

Two days later, they watched on as his coffin was placed in the crematorium and his body was burned to ashes.

The military took the diamond fragments away.

It was over.

So they thought.

Home Again

A week after Farrouk died, Jess awoke to hear sounds of noise in the downstairs of her house.

Slowly she walked down and entered her husband's study.

A man sat in a chair, reading The History Of Rome.

He turned to Jess and smiled.

"The military covered up my death," explained Farrouk. "My work is top secret," he explained. "As far as the world is concerned I am dead. You need to protect my presence in the house. Can you do this?" he asked.

"Of course!" replied Jess.

She ran over to him and he held her back.

"You're so cold," she said.

"I just got in."

He looked into her eyes and she felt dizzy. The pupils in his eyes seems to spin.

She knew what he was thinking.

"Of course you can sleep in the basement, I'll organize it right away," she responded.

Droplets of blood sprinkled her starched white top but she barely felt a thing.

By Santa Monica Pier

Farrouk sat on Santa Monica pier with Jess.

Darkness had fallen and they walked along the aged wooden planks.

He looked out at the sea and the moon casting silvery shadows on the sea.

Behind him the amusement arcade lights and the big wheel looked back at Santa Monica.

Jess stood beside him looking dazed and just followed him around.

They sat under a light and he poured over some pictures of Ancient Rome.

In the book, humans fought against tigers and lions and Caesar looked on.

He pocketed the book and they moved on thinking about the world he wanted to live in.

Vandemic

Jess sat on her porch.

It had been nearly three months now since Farrouk had come back home.

On the news there were fires raging out of control.

The break down of civil society was almost complete.

Television stations were off the air apart from emergency broadcasts.

Night patrols scoured the city and gunshots could be heard here and there.

Farrouk sat on the porch with Jess and stroked her hair.

Her skin was sunken into her face now so that it clung to the bones on her face.

"I'm tired," she complained.

A man on a motorbike skidded to a halt in front of the house and threw a Molotov cocktail at them and sped off.

Flames shot up on the porch.

Farrouk inhaled a deep breath of air in an inhuman way and blew it out with his icy breath.

He then picked up a radio transmitter and uttered the words.

"Blood on bike," he said and gave his location.

He then sat back on the porch and took in the night air.

He fed on Jess some more.

The Last Stand

By the Church the police cars had assembled.

Inside the terrorists had taken hostages and there was a stand off.

The negotiator stood with a loud speaker and sent his message.

"Come on out with your hands up and you will not be harmed."

A message was sent that the terrorists wanted a bus to the airport and a plane that was fuelled.

They wanted to fly to Panama.

Near the scene a car with blackened windows opened under the moonless sky.

The chief of police walked over and looked into the car.

"Give them what they want," said the voice. "Then you know what to do."

The police chief nodded.

The school bus arrived and the terrorists came out with the women and children.

They drove the bus up the street but it was blocked off and they were trapped.

The special forces smashed in through the windows of the bus and captured the terrorists who were dragged out of the bus.

The women and children were taken away.

The police chief walked over to the lead terrorist who had his hands tied behind his back.

The explosives had been disabled.

"This is not your city," said the police chief.

"This is our city."

He opened his mouth wide and tore open the neck of the terrorist, spraying his blood over the ground.

The others fed as well and the terrorists were no more.

Exodus

Two by two the remining survivors walked out of the City of the Angels.

All that were left were women and children.

The men were either Blood or had been turned into Citizens. Now only male Citizens remained and some female Citizens. The feasting was over.

Farrouk sat in a stretch limousine car and drove past the thousand of women and children who remained from The Purge walking wearily out of the fallen city.

Beside him in the car were Aya and Hendrik who were citizens now as well.

They drank blood from crystal decanters.

Farrouk laid out the map showing them the next part of his plan.

"We settle our new City here over the Catacombs."

Hendrik nodded.

"What will we call it?" asked Aya.

"Mora," smiled Farrouk. He took out a document which he had written in the form of a Vampire Constitution for Mora. "And these will be the rules of this place."

They read it and each in turn signed it with their Blood forming the Three Great Houses who would rule the city.

On the top of the document were the words. Land of the Gods.